

# RUSSIA AGREES TO MAKE A SEPARATE PEACE

**Lenin and Trotsky "Surrender" at Moment When Germans Take Dvinsk and Luck.**

**BOLSHEVIK REPLY TO BE SENT AT ONCE.**

**British Raid German Lines at Three Points—Gunfire on French and Italian Fronts—Zeebrugge Bombed.**

**Russia's Separate Peace.**—The Russian drama has been intensified by the surrender of the Bolsheviks to the German peace terms at the moment when the Germans have entered Dvinsk and the Austrians have entered Luck. Lenin and Trotsky have wireless Berlin that they will reply to Germany at once.

**Zeebrugge Raided.**—Naval airmen dropped several tons of bombs in raids on Zeebrugge and Bruges docks.

**Western Front.**—Irish troops near Epehy, Canadians near Lens, and Lancashire, Border and Yorkshire troops on a wide front in Houthulst Forest carried out fine raids. The French report gunfire in the Chavignon sector and on a sector of the Verdun front. On the Italian front there is gunfire in the Asiago area.

**BRITISH TAKE PRISONERS HUNS ABOUT TO LAUNCH IN THREE FINE RAIDS. BIG ATTACK?**

**Good Work by Canadian, Irish and North Country Troops.**

#### BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Tuesday.

**9.15 A.M.**—Successful raids were carried out by us last night in three different sectors of our front.

South-east of Epehy Irish troops entered the enemy's trenches in the neighbourhood of Gillemeul Farm and brought back a few prisoners.

Another successful raid, in which five prisoners were captured by us, was carried out by Canadian troops south of Lens.

Further north, Lancashire, Border and Yorkshire troops raided the German positions in the southern portion of Houthulst Forest on a wide front.

A large number of the enemy were killed and twenty-seven prisoners and a machine gun were captured by us. Our casualties were slight.

#### FRENCH OFFICIAL.

**Tuesday Afternoon.**—There were violent artillery actions during the night in the region south of the forest of St. Gobain, in the sector of Chavignon, and north-west of Bezonvaux.—Reuter.

#### GERMAN OFFICIAL.

**Tuesday.**—Prince Rupprecht's Front.—Night attacks by the enemy on Houthulst Wood were repulsed. East of Ypres and on both sides of the Scarpe artillery duels increased in violence during the evening.

**Crown Prince's Front.**—On the Oise-Asie Canal infantry detachments carried out reconnoitring raids with success.

**Baden and Thuringia.**—The enemy, south-east of Tübingen, attacked the trenches which had been captured by the enemy on February 13, and brought back 125 prisoners. The gain in territory was again given up as a result of a strong enemy counter-attack.

**Aviation.**—Seven enemy aeroplanes were brought down yesterday in aerial fighting.

**VIOLENT GUNFIRE ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.**

**French and Italians in Shooting Form—British Over the Piave.**

#### ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

**Tuesday Afternoon.**—During yesterday the struggle of the artillery was remarkable towards the eastern edge of the Asiago Plateau, and occasionally violent in the Val Giudicaria, in the Posina-Asio sector, on the front of Mount Tomba, and to the south of Ponte Della Priula.

Our batteries opened a sudden fire on strong enemy parties in the Galinarara and Seren Valley, and dispersed them.

French batteries carried out effective concentration shoots along their sector of the front. British patrols, having forded the Piave, raided the enemy's advanced trenches.

In the course of a combat one of our airmen shot down an enemy machine near Pedrobello. During the early hours of last night hostile aeroplanes dropped bombs on various inhabited localities in the plains at Vicenza, where four bombs exploded. We have to lament a few victims. The damages are slight.

**Austrian Official.**—Artillery activity has been lively on the Piave and in the Monte Asalone region.—Central News.



The Germans have occupied Dvinsk and Luck.

**NAVAL AIRMEN'S ATTACK ON ZEEBRUGGE AND BRUGES.**

**Bombs Seen to Drop Alongside Submarine Enclosure.**

#### ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

During the night of February 17-18 naval aircraft carried out bombing raids on Zeebrugge mole and docks, and on docks at Bruges.

Several tons of explosives were dropped. Bombs were observed to fall alongside a submarine shelter and in the vicinity of lock gates and quays.

During the forenoon of February 18 the enemy aerodrome at Varsenare was attacked. Several direct hits are reported on hangars and sheds.

During the course of offensive patrols three enemy aircraft have been destroyed.

All our machines have returned safely.

**NEW FRENCH ATTACKING PLANS HARASS HUNS.**

**Low-Flying Aeroplanes Lead Infantry Under Gunfire Cover.**

The German prisoners recently captured on the French front, says Mr. Henry Wood, United Press correspondent with the French Armies, reveal the fact that the new French tactics of leading an infantry assault with low-flying aeroplanes to machine gun the enemy's trenches constitute a serious problem for the Boche Army commanders.

Apparently unable to suggest any means for overcoming this new element of a French attack, the German generals merely urge upon the officers to try and persuade the German soldiers that the French planes are all bluff.

Unfortunately this happens to be in contradiction with the first part of the order, which reads:—

"At Verdun equally the assaulting aeroplanes, that is the enemy's aeroplanes that accompanied the infantry, were very disagreeable for us."

It is necessary first of all that we try to bring down these aeroplanes with machine guns placed in the rear of our lines. In the second place it is necessary that the infantry be made to understand that the results obtained by these assaulting planes are small.

"They generally produce on the troops a depression of morale which it is important to overcome."—Exchange.

**DUTCH HEAR FIRING.**

**AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.**—Reports from the frontier state that throughout yesterday very heavy gunfire was audible continuously from the Belgian front.

Allied airmen made several attacks with bombs over Belgium during the evening and night.—Central News.

**WHEN THE HUN IS FUNNY.**

**AMSTERDAM, Monday (received yesterday).**—The Wolf Agency publishes a semi-official report in regard to the recent bombing of Dover announced by the British Home Command.

The agency states that in the official circles no confirmation is forthcoming of this attack on the English coast, and adds that in today's German papers an account of the raid is headed "Who Bombed Dover?"—Exchange.

**BOLSHEVIKS AGREE TO HUN PEACE TERMS.**

**Wireless Offer While Foe Armies Are Advancing.**

**DVINSK AND LUCK FALL.**

At the hour when the Germans are pressing on again in Russia, Lenin and Trotsky have wireless Berlin that they accept the German peace terms.

#### RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

To the Government of the German Empire, Berlin.

The Council of the People's Commissaries protests against the fact that the German Government has directed its troops against the Russian Council's Republic, which has declared the war as at an end, and which is demobilising its army on all fronts.

The Workmen's and Peasants' Government of Russia could not anticipate such a step, because, neither directly nor indirectly, has any one of the parties which concluded the armistice given the seven days' notice required in accordance with the treaty of December 15 for terminating it.

The Council of the People's Commissaries in the present circumstances regards itself as forced to formally declare its willingness to sign a peace upon the conditions which have been dictated by the delegations of the Quadruple Alliance at Brest-Litovsk.

The Council of the People's Commissaries further declares that a detailed reply will be given without delay to the conditions of peace as proposed by the German Government.—(Signed) V. Ulianoff-Lenin, L. Trotsky.

#### WIRELESS TO CZERNIA.

The Russian Wireless says:—To Count Czernin, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Vienna. The German Government has renewed hostilities against Russia, even without seven days notice, and I have the honour to ask you what you consider the Austro-Hungarian Government also as being in a state of war with Russia. [Conclusion of the message missing.]

#### GERMAN OFFICIAL.

**Tuesday.**—Yesterday evening German troops entered Dvinsk. They met with little resistance. The majority of the enemy had fled.

The Russians were not successful in blowing up the Dvina bridge.

On both sides of Luck our divisions are on the march. Luck was occupied without any fighting.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

#### A HUN REMINDER.

**PETROGRAD, Tuesday.**—The following is the text of the message which M. Trotsky received on the 16th inst. from the Chief of the Russian Military Commission at Brest-Litovsk:— "At half-past seven this evening an official note from General Hoffmann was handed to me recalling the fact that at noon on February 13 the armistice concluded with the Russian Republic would terminate."—Reuter.

**M. LITVINOFF SURPRISED**

M. Litvinoff, the representative of the Russian Maximalist Government in England, interviewed yesterday, said that he was very much astonished at the Russian Government's decision to sign a German peace.

"I do not think it is a good thing to sign such a peace," he said. "At the same time, I would not like to give a judgment until I am in possession of full details as to what has actually taken place."

Asked whether he thought the whole business was a prearranged matter between Lenin, Trotsky and the German Government, M. Litvinoff said he could not give an opinion.

#### "LENIN OVERTHROWN?"

**COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.**—Politiken's Vasa correspondent reports that there are rumours current that the Russian Bolshevik Government has been overthrown by the Social Revolutionists, the leader of which is Tschernoff.

Lenin and Trotsky are said to have escaped to Riga.—Exchange.

#### TROTSKY'S BIRTHPLACE.

**AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.**—The Essen Allgemeine Zeitung professes to have made the discovery that Trotsky was born at Wipperfurth, near Rhenischfeld, in the Rhine Province, and that his real name is Braunstein.

The journal also adds that Trotsky studied at the University of Bonn, which town he is alleged to have left hurriedly, having been detected in the act of thieving.

Later, the journal adds, he married a rich girl, who came to a sudden end.—Reuter.

**CUTTING UP THE SPOILS.**

**COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.**—The Berlin correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung states that Germany and Austria have agreed that military actions against Great Russia shall be undertaken by Germany, while those against the Ukraine shall be undertaken by Austria.—Exchange.



TWO M.C.  
AWARDS.

Capt. (Acting Maj.) W. North Coates, R.G.A., who has been awarded the M.C. He was mentioned in General Milne's dispatch.



Capt. T. G. D. Burnett, of Aberystwyth, posthumously awarded the M.C. He was killed in action before Gaza.

## LITTLE SERBIAN REFUGEES.



Thanks to a world-wide sympathy, these little Serbian refugees at Salonika are well fed, clothed and educated.—(French official photograph.)

GALLANT  
OFFICERS.

Capt. J. A. Raine, R.F.A., awarded M.C. His father, Mr. John Raine, is prospective Unionist candidate for Sunderland.



2nd Lieut. Cameron McDonald, of Sunderland, who has been awarded the M.C. for gallantry on the Italian front.

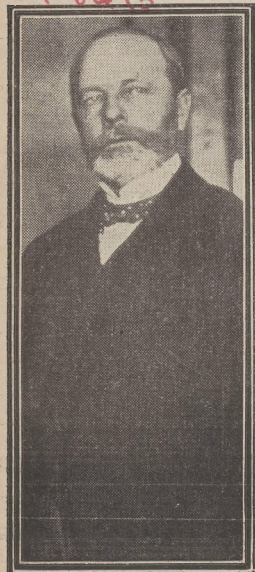
## WOMEN WHO ARE



Opening the valve.

The engineers of a large London gas company have shown that women are not, it must be added, to

## AN EX-PREMIER DEAD



Count Khuen Hedervary, a former Hungarian Premier, who has died. He played a prominent part in the affairs of the Dual Monarchy for many years.



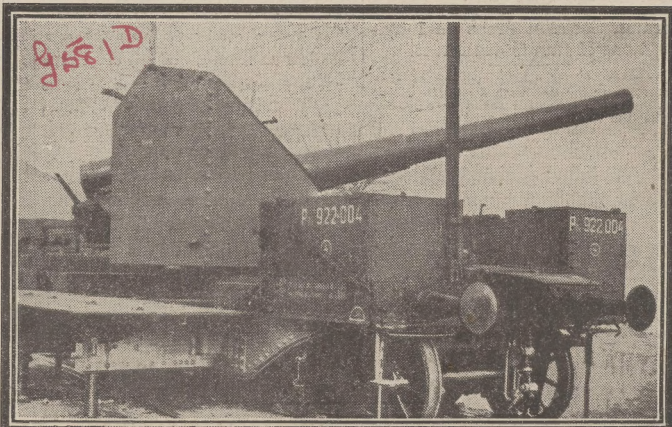
GUARDSMAN'S WIFE.—The Hon. Mrs. Dalrymple White, whose husband and two brothers are serving in the Grenadier Guards.

## "OLD CONTEMPTIBLES" ESCAPE FROM HUNLAND.



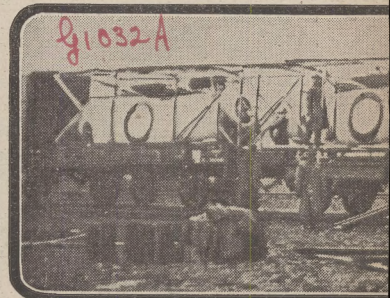
Private R. Stones (Barnsley), Private G. E. Huggett (Wakefield), Private J. W. Thomson (Airdrie), Private A. Ash (Glasgow) and Private J. Davis (Edmonton, Canada), who have arrived safely in this country from Germany. They were captured at Le Cateau.

## 600 MILES OF EXPOSED COAST TO DEFEND.



A 6in. gun on an Italian armoured train for coast defence. It is used in the ingenious way our Ally has invented to protect her Adriatic coast, which is exposed to the enemy for a distance of 600 miles.—(Italian official photograph.)

## AMERICA PREPARING FOR



Large numbers of aeroplanes have reached France for the American Army's aerodromes.

## MILITARY WEDDING IN LONDON



Lieutenant Dudley Ryde Harris, R.F.A., and his bride, Miss Nancy Spreckley, elder daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Spreckley, C.M.G.



# ING LONDON'S GAS



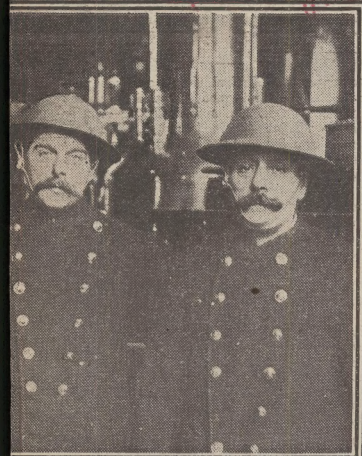
In the retort house.  
staff of women and many hold responsible posi-  
or the inferior quality now being supplied.

## GREAT AIR OFFENSIVE.



and here a trainload is seen at one of the Ameri-  
official photograph.)

## HATS FOR FIRE FIGHTERS.



on's firemen now wear steel helmets during air  
as they afford better protection against shrap-  
nel than the regulation headgear.

## CROQUET CHAMPION.



Miss Ella D. B. Simson,  
formerly a croquet cham-  
pion, who is now acting as  
chauffeur to a Norfolk  
military hospital.



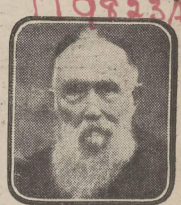
2nd Lieut. Norman Outer-  
bridge, Newfoundland Regi-  
ment, missing. Write to  
Sir J. Outerbridge, New-  
foundland Play and Record  
Office, 58, Victoria-st., S.W.

## ECONOMY AT THE FRONT.



An economy reminder at the front. The soldiers, like the civilians, are  
taught the necessity of thrift.—(Official photograph.)

## A VICAR'S DEATH.



The Rev. Canon Wilson,  
for fifty-eight years the  
vicar of Mitcham, who has  
died at the age of eighty-  
eight.



Miss E. M. Warrington, a  
Waac, of Walthamstow,  
who has been mentioned  
by Sir Douglas Haig "for  
gallant service on the  
western front."

## THEIR LAST TRIBUTE.



Macedonian women do honour to their  
fallen relatives.—(French official.)

## POPULAR ACTRESS TO WED.



Miss Christine Silver, who is engaged to Mr.  
Roland Sturgis, son of the late Mr. Julian  
Sturgis, the author. She has acted bril-  
liantly in a number of the most popular pieces  
put on in London.—(Exclusive to The Daily  
Mirror.)

## "AN EXTRA TURN."



A rifleman who, in the absence of  
artists during a raid, stepped on  
the stage of a London music-hall  
and danced. Just back from the  
front, he carried pack and rifle.

## PREPARING FOR THE COMING HUN OFFENSIVE.



Great activity is being displayed by the American troops on the western front. There are  
already several hundred thousand in France who will do their share in repelling Hindenburg's  
expected onslaught.



A WAR NURSE.—The Hon. Rachel  
Caulfield, sister of Viscount  
Charlemont, who is working at a  
military hospital in Surrey.



# Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1918.

## UNITY!

THE Prime Minister's perfectly plain statement in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon made the point, once more, that the object of the new arrangements at Versailles is *unity*—unity of Allied power on the western front from Channel to Adriatic.

Presumably none—not even fire-eating military correspondents with the great battle cry of "More men!"—will refuse to admit that the Allies have suffered from lack of such unity in the past. It jumps to the eyes, this great need: it is too clear, too obvious, for dispute. Results, military results in 1916 and 1917, exhibited it again and again. And at Versailles, we learn, the decisions were not in fact disputed. They were and are approved by our French Allies on whose soil the worst of the war is presumably yet to be fought: military opinion sanctions them, as well as civilian.

There is then no matter for controversy or "crisis" here.

The controversy is factious; the "crisis" fabricated by strangely associated troops of usually avowed pacifists. Earnest pacifism is marching arm-in-arm with bitter never-endians; "our military correspondent" hand-in-glove with his former revilers and enemies. A familiar spectacle! Nothing reconciles men like a common enemy. In this case—for the last week—that common enemy has been the Government of our country, in the midst of the biggest real crisis of our history.

One asks: "Would it not be better if never-endian and immediate-pacifist united against the *real* enemy; instead of against one invented by themselves?"

Might it not be wiser, in view of the gravity of the hour, if the military ardour of those who hold that every crible should "crawl" to the trenches till we reach Berlin, were amalgamated with the persuasive wisdom of those who have always been of opinion that the war ought at once to be stopped by general consent of everybody but the Boche? The touching reconciliation of these rank opposites would be more impressive, surely, if the common enemy were Prussia, instead of the Prime Minister? Let them try! Let them see if the too of the peaceable dove and the roar of the m'tarist lion do not sound better when harmonised for a better purpose.

For, we repeat, the Versailles Conference and its decisions are past. *C'est chose jugée*—the cause is tried and the verdict given. What the results will be, who knows? One thing we hope, however—that they cannot well be worse than those, so full of disappointment, in the past.

Sincere men *cannot* think that results in 1917 were all that was expected, and, we add, liberally prophesied by soldiers. Very well then. *Something must be done*. How petulant are those who, when something is done, set up a howl of "Hands off! Failures!" and "Leave things as they are!" No: things as they *were* are not good enough.

The *Manchester Guardian* rightly tells us that there is "no crisis": a truly liberal paper with no axe to grind supports the Government in its effort to realise that one ideal of *unity* for which the Prime Minister makes his appeal. Let us try to keep that principle before us, for safety's sake, and leave personalities alone. The Boche offensive is more important than the bogus-British offensive against decisions arrived at in common with our Allies in France and Italy.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death is near. While thou livest, while it is in thy power, be good.—*Marcus Aurelius*.



The Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh, wife of the Earl of Darnley's son.



The Marchioness of Carborough, who was Lady Irene Denton.

## PRINCE AND PEERS.

Duchess on the Film—A Match Queue in Whitehall.

To SEE the Queen in the peeresses' gallery last evening, when the Heir-Apparent took his seat in the House of Lords, was a pleasant surprise. She sat beside Lady Lansdowne, wearing a black hat and a large fur stole. I noticed she frequently chatted with Lady

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

**For Versailles.**—I had heard rumours of Sir Henry Rawlinson's appointment as our military representative at Versailles all day yesterday, and in the evening it was officially given out.

**The Science of War.**—Sir Henry is above all a scientific soldier, and his achievements in the field and at the desk would fill this page. One of his recreations, curiously enough, is drawing.

**A Whitehall Queue.**—The cheeriest queue I have seen was one of staff officers and Government officials in Whitehall. They lined up to buy the *match* of a blind old vendor. There was a brigadier and a flight commander in the line.

**Happy Sir William.**—Crossing the Mall in the misty sunshine yesterday morning, I saw

**Watches for Workers.**—Princess Mary coped with the servant problem in a practical fashion yesterday. She and Princess Marie Louise visited Lady Phillips' lovely new home, Chelsea House, where she gave watches from the Friends of the Poor to girls who had been a year in a situation.

**On the Stairs.**—There was good music, too, and recitations by Lady Forbes Robertson, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh. A bid audience overflowed down the marble stairs. I saw Lady Swaythling among the stair-dwellers.

**A Melting Tribute.**—Miss Ellen Terry did not miss the now barred bouquets at the Coliseum the other night. Somebody handed her a tribute of a dozen eggs and some butter. "My fairy godmother always looks after me on these occasions," laughed Miss Terry to me.

**The Lawyer's Way.**—Rambling to Ranelagh the other day, I found it delightful, but fairly deserted. I saw Sir John Sankey (otherwise known as Mr. Justice Sankey) having tea with two other Judges after a round of golf. Lawyer-like, they were discussing verdicts.

**The 1914 Chevron.**—Another tea-taker was notable for wearing a green lounge coat, on to which was sewn the red chevron of service with the "contemptibles." This is the first I have seen of its use on "civvies."

**Bulls for S.A.**—One of the sights at Llanwen Park, Lord Rhonda's Monmouthshire seat, is the herd of pedigree Hereford cattle. A few days ago, I hear, the South African Government's Trade Commissioner bought three of the young bulls.

**A New Poetess.**—The verses of Miss Teresa Hooley are well known to you, and this paper published the first of them before they came out in book form. Here she is, but not as she appears when she is doing her W.A.A.C. work. One of her charming Nature poems appeared on this page no longer ago than yesterday.



Miss Teresa Hooley.

**Matinees.**—Miss Marie Lohr tells me that she is revising the scheme of performances at the Globe, so as to give more matinees. Next week, for instance, there will be matinees every day, and an evening show on Saturday.

**The Contrasts of War.**—An officer friend told me that just after he had filled up his form for children's allowance a private soldier asked him to witness a deed conveying an estate which had cost some thousands.

**Money's Worth.**—People keep writing to me to send them "Canada khaki" (Vol. II.). I have none about me, but there are still some copies to be had at the bookstalls (price three shillings). They are diminishing in number, though.

**Advances.**—"Musical shows are not produced; they're postponed," said a cruel wit once. Mr. J. L. Sachs is doing differently with his "Lilac Domino" at the Empire. He will have the first performance to-morrow afternoon, instead of in the evening, as first announced.

**Curtains Cheered.**—With regard to my comment on the cheering of the curtain—the actual material one—at the New Theatre on a recent first night, I have had an interesting note from a wounded soldier now in hospital in England about other applauded "rags."

**Hark, Mr. Harker!**—He reminds me that a curtain which Messrs. Joseph Harker and Charles Dixon, R.L., did for "Drake" at His Majesty's was loudly applauded, also a new one at the St. James', also by Mr. Harker.

**Promiscuous National Service.**—I hear that at a West End hotel a lady of what are called the "professional classes" is cleaning boots, and at the same hostelry men in the severities are engaged in carrying out the smaller guests for an airing, the race of nursemaids being almost extinct.

THE RAMBLER.



It is all very well in these days to try to give up eating! That is only the first step. The second is the great effort involved in refusing the well-meant offers of friends.—(Ly W. K. Haselden.)

Lansdowne, and seemed charmed with the picturesque scene.

**Many Ladies.**—Seldom have I seen a larger array of peeresses. They stretched in an almost unbroken line all around the encircling gallery, and watched the stately procession of scarlet-robed peers taking part in the formal introduction of the young Prince with attention. One peeress, I noticed, was in nurse's uniform.

**The Introduction.**—The Prince, walking between the tall, venerable figures of the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Beaufort, looked extremely boyish by contrast. With his fair hair brushed back from the forehead, his bright blue eyes and a glow of colour in his cheeks, he was certainly a picture of healthy young manhood.

**Taking His Seat.**—The Prince lost little time in taking his seat on the front cross-bench, where the Heir to the Throne usually sits. Having disrobed in the Moses Room, and smoked a cigarette, he returned to the Painted Chamber and in khaki uniform listened to the night's debate.

Sir William Robertson, in mufti, and looking very pleased with the world in general.

**What Was the Joke?**—He was joined by a naval officer, in uniform, who greeted him heartily and slapped him on the back. They went on their way visibly smiling.

**Filmed Duchess.**—The Duchess of Westminster, I hear, is likely to be seen in a cinema play that is to be done for charity. Mr. Louis N. Parker is the author named.

**A Different Campaign.**—Captain Viscount Windsor, the Earl of Plymouth's heir, is home on leave from the front, and is taking the opportunity of doing a bit of political campaigning in Wolverhampton East, for which he is the Unionist candidate.

**Archbishop and Canada.**—The Archbishop of York, who is going to New York next month, will go on to Canada, where he will spend a good portion of April. When he was Bishop of Stepney, I remember, he was offered the Archbishopric of Montreal. Only a few months later he was elevated to the Northern Primacy.



# THE SECRET WIFE

By JOHN CARDINAL

## CHAPTER I. "I'D RATHER STARVE!"

"You dear old little mother!" Nora Wynne exclaimed.

She came across the long drawing-room of Heathside, bent down over her mother's low

Tony Herriek.

chair and kissed her.

"I know just what you're going to say," the girl went on, quickly. "You know you've told me before—'I don't like to eat a whole lot of food'—I'm twenty-three, and Gladys has done so well for herself . . . and, though you've hated to lose me, time slips on. And I'm not even engaged—and I don't know that I want to be!"

"I shouldn't have put it so bluntly as that," said Mrs. Wynne. "But, after all—"

"You would have meant it, mother, however nicely you put it."

Nora jumped up and went to the window, through which the early sun shone brightly, to make splendour of her brown hair. She was a very pretty girl, with clear, steady grey eyes and regular features, and the fascination of her small, resolute mouth made anybody looking at her unmindful of the lack of colour in her face, for it made the beauty of her eyes and mouth the more noticeable.

Determined not to have a quarrel with her mother, Nora remained staring out at the well-kept suburban street, very pleasant and inviting in the afternoon sun.

Mr. Wynne was a solicitor with a large practice, and of the large, detached houses with their big gardens, that made up the wide, curving avenue, Heathside was the most imposing. The Wynne family had lived there for over twenty years, but Nora was now the only one at home. Jack, her only brother, was fighting in France, and Gladys, her only sister, had married—and married well—year back.

"It's a perfect shame to stay indoors on a heavenly day like this!" said Nora suddenly.

"You were out all this morning!" protested Mrs. Wynne, as though she were angry to find her there alone. "You're surely not going out again!"

Nora did not answer. A quick animation suddenly possessed her listless figure. She leaned forward, unable to check an exclamation, and waved her hand. "It was fortunate for Mrs. Wynne that she could not see the glorious flush of colour that came to Nora's face."

"Who was that, Nora?" asked Mrs. Wynne, calmly.

"It was only Tony Herriek," she explained, "rushing by on a bicycle."

"I didn't know he was at home," her mother answered disappointedly. "You must have seen him before, Nora. Why didn't you tell us?"

"Didn't I? I didn't think it would interest you; you're all so down on poor old Tony. Yes, he's just back—discharged unfit. There's still some shrapnel in him, but it might be a bit worse. Tony says he's fit enough to work, thank goodness. I could never understand why father chooses to look upon Tony Herriek as a waster!" There was defiance in the girl's voice. "Because he's nothing of the sort!"

"You're unfair, Nora. You're father's got nothing against young Herriek except," Mrs. Wynne finished rather lamely, "that he hasn't a penny to bless himself with."

"Good heavens," Nora exclaimed, with rising anger, "I don't want to be poor. I want, are we? And Gladys' husband has got money in heaps. Surely one rich man's wedding in a family is enough! I know what you've got against me. It's because I'm not married. Plainly, the truth is that you're all set upon my marrying George Sheffield, because he's got heaps of money. You're always dimming him into my ears, and I couldn't ever dream of marrying him, mother. He's twice my age, for one thing."

Nora rushed on. "He'd make a perfectly admirable husband for Gladys, if Gladys wasn't already Mrs. Richard French. It's just delectably unfair for you to be so down on Tony—and Gladys is the worst of the lot. She never loses a chance of sneering at Tony and saying that he'll never make any money! It was there was the sound of a little laugh. It had affected in him, but it was strange, attractive. Mrs. Wynne gave a start, and Nora turned her head.

In the drawing-room doorway stood a tall, well-dressed—even over-dressed—not much older than Nora. It was Gladys French—lately Gladys Wynne—who had been an unnoticed listener to her sisters' final sentences.

And her never will either, Nora," she exclaimed, with a slight confidence. Mrs. Wynne smiled her way through life. Not Richard French, who adored her, or anybody else ever really knew what lay behind that placid smile.

"Do go on, Nora," she added, in a cool tone. "Tell me what you have done to make you so frightfully angry."

"It's quite easy, Gladys," answered Nora quietly. "I'm objecting to the way you are all trying to make me marry George Sheffield. Day after day you remind me of his millions; day after day you try to persuade me that he loves me and insinuate that Tony Herriek is a waster and has no right to love me at all. And now that you've said 'Listen to me, what I was about to tell mother—just this, that I'd rather starve in a cottage with Tony Herriek than feast in a palace with George Sheffield. So that just finishes all your arguments; and no matter what you say, I will never, never, never marry George Sheffield."

Gladys French began, very slowly, to pull off her gloves. Her answer was characteristic.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"Then you're a little fool, Nora," she pronounced decidedly. "You'll change your mind before very long."

She turned to Mrs. Wynne.

"Mr. Sheffield's in the garden, mother. I happened to meet him leaving the station, and we walked along together." And she added, half maliciously: "So you'll be able to tell him what you think of him, Nora, while it's in your mind."

Nora disclaimed to answer. She began to walk quickly to the door.

"Nora, please . . ." Mrs. Wynne cried out, in fearful appeal.

"It's all right, mother," Nora answered evenly, without turning. "You needn't be afraid that I'll be rude to Mr. Sheffield." Then the door slammed.

"Don't worry, mother," said Gladys in her aloof and emotionless way. "Nora's got to marry him, as you know, and if only young Herriek were out of the way. . . . It's just our luck that he should turn up just now," she finished viciously. "But it can't be helped."

## A STRONG MAN'S PROPOSAL.

FOR the last ten minutes George Sheffield had been pacing the broad path by the lawn with methodical, unvarying steps. When walking away from the house he kept his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the ground, but on each occasion that he turned he looked expectantly at the open door through which Nora would come.

If things went as he hoped—the thought obsessed him—this was going to be an afternoon he would remember all his life. And things generally did go as he planned, he reflected pleasantly. For the last fifteen years there had been no check to the tide of his business success. He had been a manufacturer's agent, then he had progressed to becoming a manufacturer himself, with works outside London and in the Midlands. He was now manufacturer and financier both, with controlling interests in half a dozen most profitable enterprises. As far as money went, George Sheffield was a big man.

He checked an exclamation of impatience as he turned at the level of the fifteenth time, and then the moody expectancy vanished from his face and he hastened his steps. Nora had time only to come a few yards from the house before he was confronting her on the wide path.

"I thought you were never coming," he said rather foolishly, shaking hands. "I've lots of things to say to you."

Nora hardly knew what vague reply she made. She gave a glance over her shoulder. Gladys had come downstairs with her, and had made some pretext for leaving her at the doorway, promising to join them immediately. But there was no sign of her.

A queer sense of being in a dream troubled Nora. There was something about George Sheffield this afternoon that was quite different. He was nervous and embarrassed, and she began to feel oddly nervous, too.

She found herself walking by his side, skirting the edge of the lawn.

George Sheffield broke the awkward silence that embarrassed both of them.

"I'm coming to get you to myself for a few minutes before tea," he said. And, suddenly, he stopped and looked at her. They were out of sight from the house now. He had piloted her through the shrubbery to the high, sturdy dividing lawn from the other part of the garden; he congratulated himself on his cleverness.

His hand moved out and held Nora's very tightly, and he slipped into confused speech in a voice that sounded almost hysterical.

"I said I had lots of things to tell you, Miss Wynne—Nora, but there's only one thing, after all. I've been thinking of you a great deal, and I didn't mean to tell you quite like this, but I know that you'll forgive me. I'm not the sort of man who can make pretty speeches. I thought I was, but the sight of you puts them all out of my mind. You mustn't be angry because I'm so abrupt, Nora. I'm no good at making love—I wish I were."

Nora's hand dropped from his and she moved away a little. He did not know that her silence was the silence of distress. Another man would have seen the truth in the look in Nora's eyes. Sheffield's exaltation forbade it. In all the years of striving to make his fortune no woman had ever seemed desirable to him till now.

"Look here, Nora," he added suddenly, "you know what I want to say. I'm no hand at love-making—never had time to get much practice, perhaps," he added with a half-laugh; "but should I care? I want to say the things that I want to say the love's there all right. I—I only don't know just the way to put it into words. I'm a straight man and I like straight talking. Will you marry me, Nora—and, for heaven's sake, give me a straight answer!"

Nora shook her head; her voice faltered, then gained strength. "Mr. Sheffield, it's quite impossible—really, it is. I've never thought of you like that. My cousin has done. He had complete control of himself now. There was a

dangerous deepening in his voice. "I've never wanted anything in the world as much as I want you, Nora—and I can wait for you! You'll have to wait, my mind. I don't mind how long I have to wait."

"I tell you it's absolutely impossible, Mr. Sheffield," Nora's fingers were clenched; she spoke with resistance, and almost with passion against his stupid insistence. She wondered what more she could say to end this unhappy incident. "It isn't fair of you. It doesn't matter how long you waited—you must believe me—I was still as much as possible."

"We'll see," Sheffield said doggedly. "I won't take your answer now."

"You must," Nora persisted. "I tell you—within a minute and Nora would have convinced him, in spite of her promise of silence. But Gladys' voice sounded shrilly, calling his name urgently. Nora welcomed even that interruption.

## "I WAS MARRIED THIS MORNING!"

"HULLO!" muttered Sheffield. "What's wrong?" And as Nora moved mechanically out from the shelter of the shrubbery, Gladys appeared, breathless from running across the lawn, and still calling Sheffield's name.

"I thought you two would never hear," she exclaimed. "You're wanted at once, Mr. Sheffield. There's a man come from your London office—with one of your clerks. A Mr. Muria, I think it is."

"Muria?" Sheffield exclaimed. He was the man of business instantly. "If it's Muria it is important. Is he indoors, Mrs. French?"

"No. He's waiting at your house. It seems he called at your office in town first. They rang you up at Parkwood, but of course you were not there. Then nothing would suit Mr. Sheffield but that he should drive down with the clerk in his car, because it was so urgent. And the clerk has telephoned all over Parkwood trying to get you. So, I thought, I told him you had said you were coming here."

Sheffield nodded quickly. Then he abruptly turned to Nora.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," he said. "I must get home with Muria at once—it's very important. If I can possibly get the business over quickly I'll come back. But I can't promise."

He laughed regretfully, his eyes fixed on Nora. "I daresay I told Muria to wait I would," he added. "He spoils the best afternoon of the whole year."

Gladys and Nora walked back slowly across the lawn.

"What an odd," Gladys said, and laughed. "Mr. Sheffield's got a new clerk—the one who came with the message. You'd better keep out of the way till Sheffield and he are safely off the premises. It's Tony Herriek."

"Tony Herriek?" Nora echoed incredulously. "Nonsense! It couldn't be."

"Well, if you won't take my word for it, for goodness sake don't come into the house to find out, that's all," Gladys said crossly. "I don't want you here because otherwise you might go rushing in and give the show away. See you later."

Nora waited in a bewildered state of mind. Tony there! And then the wonder in her eyes changed to indignation. The jolly young man, with a leg that dragged after him a trifle, suddenly slipped out of a side door, set in an angle of the house.

"Tony!" cried Nora tremulously, and, all unconscious that she did so, she held out both her arms.

"I never knew my name could sound so well," said Tony Herriek, smiling, and in a moment his arms were round her, and his head was bent, and she was lifting her face to his.

"I've only got a minute," he warned her, in a whisper. "I hadn't dreamed I should have the luck to see you again to-day! Only a minute!"

Nora's laugh was as gay as his own. "I mightn't let you go at the end of the minute, Tony."

"You've got to, Nora, worse luck," he said. "No, you explain, at any rate," she insisted. "Why didn't you tell me you were going into Mr. Sheffield's office?"

"I couldn't this morning. I didn't know for certain myself. I had an appointment with him for a final interview—and I was so afraid, I wouldn't come off that I wasn't going to tell you a word about it till I knew. Mr. Sheffield wanted me to start right away, and there you are. I'm waiting for a jolly good thing for me. Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

Tony was stooping to kiss her again when she drew back nervously and lifted a warning hand. There was bustle inside the house; the sound of a door opening. They both understood that the minute was over.

"Sheffield's going," Tony exclaimed, glumly. "The minute's up. I'll rush round the other way to the car. Good-bye, Nora!"

Nora waited for five restless minutes till she was quite sure that the visitors had gone before going into the house. She heard her father's voice—it sounded strangely excited—before she abruptly pushed open the door of the room. As she saw immediately that something very much out of the ordinary had happened. The look of anxiety on her father's face shocked her. His eyes were haunted by fear.

Father, she exclaimed, "whatever it is, I won't budge. I'm in a matter with you, all right!"

"You have become the most important person in the family," Gladys said with her hard disagreeable laugh.

"Leave it to me, Gladys," Mr. Wynne looked undecided. "Gladys was doing me—"

He broke off and started again. "Nora,"

did Mr. Sheffield say anything to you before he was suddenly called away?"

"Yes," replied Nora quietly. "Mr. Sheffield asked me to marry him. I told him it was quite useless, but he wouldn't listen. He said he would wait. He was perfectly ridiculous. . . . as you all are about him. If he waited a hundred years it wouldn't make an atom of difference."

"Listen to me, father!" she went on impatiently. "I'm tired of all this stupidity. It's got to be settled once and for all. I've told mother and I've told Gladys, and now I'll tell you that I will not marry George Sheffield. I don't love him—you know very well I love somebody else, and I'll never change. George Sheffield is nothing to me and never will be, and I'll not marry him even if he is ten times richer than any other man in the world."

"Nora," said Mr. Wynne earnestly after a pause, "there is something you don't know that you could have told me long before. I will tell you . . . in a minute now."

He found it, very obviously, difficult to speak. He looked harassed and suddenly old and his voice was miserably unsteady.

"Mr. Sheffield has been in love with you. I want you to try to change your mind about him, Nora. I could almost say that it is a matter of life and death for your mother. . . . for myself . . . for you, too, because it means ruin for us all if you cannot bring yourself to accept George Sheffield's proposal. And there is something I ought to have told you before. . . . I hadn't the courage. . . ."

"Wait!" Nora echoed, in fresh bewilderment.

"And then came a memory that brought with it a little vision and her eyes lightened. As if laughing at her own before her, and Nora heard again the voice she loved. It was Tony's voice, laughing, joyous . . . and what he had said sounded to her as clearly as if he had indeed been speaking in the room."

"Well, Nora, I don't think it now, at all events. Eh? And it's to be kept a dead secret, mind. Don't forget that!"

"I don't know a bit what you mean, father," Nora said quietly. "I don't know what Mr. Sheffield's got to do with it. It's too late. Tony Herriek and I were married this morning—at a registry office in London."

"There will be an interesting development in to-morrow's last instalment of this splendid story."

## THE REMEMBERED KISS

### HAPPY AT LAST.

BUT in one respect at least I can give you a real story-book ending to my story, because Patrick did eventually walk again.

It was infinitely pathetic to see a man who had been so big and strong learning to walk all over again like a child. I ran across to him, and hid my face against his coat and cried.

"You're a shaver, Tony, a real coward, after all, I'm afraid," he said, teasing me, though his own voice was not quite steady. "Why, you ought to be crowing with delight to think we've got so far. In a month or two I shall be carrying you upstairs."

"And what has Mrs. O'Hallow got to say?" Patrick asked me later.

"I leaned my head against his shoulder. She says that I look happy. I told him."

"And—are you?" he asked, trying to see my face.

"I'm always happy—with you," I replied. "You really mean that?" he asked jealously. "Sometimes I'm not really sure of you, Lorna."

"And yet I've loved you ever since that night of the storm, when you kissed me at the open window in Aunt Anne's house," I replied.

He caught me to his heart.

"I've been a jealous idiot—forgive me. It's because I know my own unworthiness. . . . There is just one thing more I should like to tell you. I have a girl now (although she is only five months old) is already master of the house and everyone in it."

"You'll make me jealous of that kid," Patrick said to me once, one morning, pretending to grumble. "Blessed if I can see what there is in him to make such a fuss about." He put an arm round me as we stood looking down at our son and heir.

"He's the image of you, any way," I said indignantly.

"Nonsense!" Patrick declared. "He'll never be half as good-looking for one thing, and for another, he'll never love you half as well as I do." He laughed suddenly. "Fancy you a mother!" he said with pretended scorn. "A bit of a girl like you."

"And fancy you a father!" I retorted. "A silly, sentimental—oh, look! look! Baby's laughing, too."

But Patrick turned his back on "the holy terror," and put his arms round me.

"Love me?" he asked in his queer, jerky way. I looked up at him and smiled at his happy eyes.

"Best in all the world," I replied.

Now that you've finished this delightful story, turn to "The Secret Wife," beginning on this page. You're sure to enjoy it.

The Theatre Announcements are unavoidably held over until to-morrow.



# THE SECRET WIFE: By JOHN CARDINAL GRAND NEW SERIAL BEGINS TO DAY.

CANADIANS PRODUCE A PANTOMIME AT THE FRONT.



The Princess in her rickshaw during her visit to Daigty. The actors painted the scenery.



The vocalist is an American.



Aladdin gets his reward.

"Aladdin France" is the title of a splendid pantomime which has been staged by the men of a Canadian infantry division. The theatre holds about 6,000 people and more than 80,000 men have witnessed the performance. At times the voices of the artists are drowned by the noise of the guns.—(Canadian War Records.)



**OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.**—John Cardinal, the author of "The Secret Wife," the splendid new serial which begins in *The Daily Mirror* today. Turn to page 7 where the first instalment will be found.



**FOR THE CHILDREN.**—The Marchioness of Titchfield, who is helping to collect jewels for the Children's Welfare Fund, a most deserving cause.

## FROM THE COUNTIES OF THE ROSES.



Officers of the York and Lancaster Regiment consulting a map in their dug-out on the western front. Extensive raids presage the imminence of big battles.—(Official photograph.)

## Daily Mirror

PRINCESS PATRICIA.



Princess Patricia arriving at 19, Grosvenor-square for the entertainment in aid of Lady Munro's War Supply Depot.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MAYES KICKS OFF.—The Canadian "Soccer" championship final.—(Canadian War Records.)

## OFFICERS IN THE WAR NEWS.



Lieut.-Col. J. C. Faunthorpe, who has won the M.C. and been mentioned. When in India he was regarded as the crack big game shot.



Temp. Maj. the Hon. Neville Stephen Lytton, to be a General Staff officer, 2nd grade. He is a brother of the present Earl of Lytton.



Lieut.-Col. Lorne Talbot McLaughlin, Canadian Infantry, awarded a bar to his D.S.O. The D.S.O. was gazetted on November 14, 1918.



W. D. Smiles, D.S.O., from cmdr., R.N.V.R., to be temp. lieut.-col. He has seen service in France and Rumania and was wounded in the Dobruja.